

King by toes-ier (snowglobegays)

Series: [songfics \[3\]](#)

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Summary:

you're in control
rid of the monsters inside your head
put all your faults to bed
you can be king again

King

Author's Note:

me: hm i whould work on my wip

also me: write more stikers

based on "King" by Lauren Aquilina (prob should listen b4/during reading)

mike really goes above and beyond with those pet names... stan too... they r my weakness w them

Something wasn't right.

There was a pounding in his head. "I'm sorry," he whimpered.

"What? What do you mean, sweetie?"

He shuddered. "It made me do it."

"Who? Who made you do what?"

Hot tears dripped down the sides of his cheeks and onto the stiff pillow below. He couldn't help the way his whole body trembled with fear and guilt and panic. It was a moment before he could swallow and speak again. "I told you. They upset him. They shouldn't have done that." His throat rattled with each breath. The world was caving in. "They shouldn't have upset him."

A pause. Then, “The spy.... THE SPY!”

He closed his eyes.

-

Stan and Mike walked in a dark tunnel. They had on clunky radiation suits, and their flashlights cut bright beams into the cold air. A loud snap to their left.

(Get out! It's a trap!)

They ignored the noise and kept walking, seemingly unaware of the danger lurking behind them.

(Look behind you!)

“Are your scanners getting anything?” Stan asked.

“Nothing yet,” Mike said. “Maybe we just need to go further.”

“Stay close.”

Stan and Mike walked slowly, carefully, through the dirt and the dust. Another noise, to their right this time. Both heads snapped in its direction.

"You hear that?" Mike whispered.

"Yeah," Stan replied. "I don't see anything though. Do you wanna keep going or go back?"

"We have a mission," Mike said firmly. "We should finish it. Keep going."

Stan bit his lip hesitantly, but kept walking. He hated the way his breath fogged in his suit, the way his flashlight didn't illuminate the whole tunnel, the way the whole mission was uncertain. But he kept going. 'For him,' he thought.

("I need to get through, It's a trap! IT'S A TRAP! I need to warn them! It's a trap!")

A horde of demo-dogs swarmed seemingly out of nowhere. Stan and Mike were surrounded. "Shit," Stan swore.

Mike whipped out his gun, pointing it at the monsters. Nobody moved. Nothing moved. Then, a thick fog poured through the tunnels.

"Mike!" Stan shouted.

"Where'd they go!" Mike yelled. "Stan!"

“Mike!”

Then the first demo-dog jumped. Stan screamed. Mike fired his gun.

The sound echoed through the tunnels. Bullets bounced off the skin of the monsters. Mike choked out a sob as he heard Stan’s bones crush, as he watched Stan crumple, as he realized every attempt of escape or survival was futile. His gun clattered to the floor. He dropped to his knees. As a demo-dog lunged at him, Mike let out one final scream. Then he was gone.

“Will!”

-

He opened his eyes.

“Please talk to me! You’ve gotta help me understand!”

He blinked away tears and cleared his throat. “It’s too late.”

It was too late.

Will jolted awake with a strangled gasp. He grabbed his chest and took a few heaving breaths. The world around him was blurry, and muffled, and it felt like he was underwater. His mind was floating away, away, in the dull sounds encompassing him. Distinctly, he felt warm hands grasping at his arm, and a faint rustling, but it felt fake.

All he knew for sure was that *he was the spy*, that *he killed Mike and Stan*.

“-ill,” Mike’s voice rang out softly.

“Will!”

“It’s too late,” he sobbed, shaking the hands off, clutching his head, pulling his hair.. “It’s a trap. It’s too late.”

Calloused hands tugged his fingers away from his hair, gripping them gently but firmly. “Will,” Mike repeated. “It’s not too late. It’s not a trap. We’re right here.” His words were foggy.

Another pair of soft hands stroked at Will’s back. He let out a shuddering breath. Stan’s touch, paired with Mike’s, slowly pushed Will upwards, until he broke the surface. White noise melted into the sounds of birds, of the air conditioning, of Stan’s breathing, of Mike’s soft words. Indistinguishable shapes solidified into a pile of jackets on the chair across the room, into a discarded pillow at the foot of the bed, into Stan’s manicured nails, into Mike’s checkered pajama pants.

“Will.”

When Stan said his name, Will nearly jumped from the clarity. He was back on land, but not back in his mind. His throat was still tight, there was still a knot in his chest, his eyes burned, his heart beat erratically, his head throbbed, but he could see the soft morning light

caressing his bed, could feel an innate contentedness. He leaned into Stan's touch, and squeezed Mike's hands.

The fog lifted.

"Hey, welcome back, baby boy," Mike said warmly. "Good morning."

"Can you say something for me, darling?" Stan asked gently. "I need you to say something for me, please."

"O-okay," Will stuttered breathlessly. "Hi."

Mike beamed.

Stan kissed his forehead. "Good job, darling," Stan congratulated. "Can you breathe?"

Will shook his head.

"Words," Mike reminded.

Will blinked. "N-not really," he managed.

“Alright, it’s alright darling,” Stan whispered. “Copy me.” He took an exaggerated breath in, and Will tried the same. He only achieved a short hiccup. “That’s fine, we can try again,” Stan reassured, and took another deep breath. Mike held Will’s hand as he tried again.

Cool air flooded his lungs, and his head spun for a moment. Then he let out the breath, and the world stilled. He breathed again.

“Just like that, baby boy, you’re doing so well,” Mike praised. Will felt a fluttering in his stomach. “You can do it.”

The next few minutes were filled with Stan breathing in, Will following suit, and both of them exhaling together, until Will’s breathing evened out and his heart began beating normally. The ringing in his ears died down, the burning in his eyes cooled, his stomach loosened up.

“I’m okay,” Will rasped. “I’m fine.”

Mike frowned worriedly. “You don’t have to be okay, Will. You can talk to us. Did you have a nightmare? What was it about?”

Will shrugged shyly and looked down. “It’s... a lot. I don’t want you guys thinking I’m like... crazy, or something. I used to feel crazy all the time, and I don’t want you to think of me like that. And my dream...” He exhaled shakily. “I don’t... it’s just stupid. And crazy.”

Stan sighed. “We don’t think you’re crazy, sunshine. Or stupid.” He

stroked down Will's back for a moment before moving. "Let's lay back down. It's too early to be up for the day."

Will glanced over to the alarm clock sat on their bedside table, and felt a deep pang of guilt when he saw the glowing green numbers reading 5:37 *a.m.*

"Sorry," he croaked, and moved back into a laying down position with the soft guidance of Mike and Stan. "Sorry for waking you, I didn't mean to, I'm fine, you can go back to sl-"

"Shh," Mike hushed, brows furrowed and lips downturned. "Don't think like that, angel. Always wake us up."

"Always," Stan echoed, as he pulled the duvet over their bodies. It created a kind of cocoon; warm and comfortable and home. Will still felt guilty over waking his boyfriends up, especially so early in the morning, but as the warmth settled in his bones and his heart, he felt almost safe again.

But his nightmare still lingered, in the back of his mind, always haunting him. He didn't actually kill Mike and Stan; he knew that. However, he did lead a handful of soldiers to their deaths. He let himself be controlled, and he killed, and every time he dreamed of his boyfriends' deaths and woke up just to realize the real victims were strangers and he felt a sick sense of relief, he sunk further into the ice cold abyss of fear that resided deep in him.

"Will," Mike prompted. "What was your dream about?"

“The same as always,” Will said. “The Mind Flayer... you guys... I-.” He swallowed, and didn’t finish his thought.

“The Mind Flayer tricked us?” Stan questioned, but he already knew the answer.

“It gets you every time,” Will murmured. “Every time, they realize too late, and the Mind Flayer’s trick works.” He paused, and said, with a very small voice, “*My* trick works.”

“*Your* trick-” Mike started, before pulling Will into a tight hug. Stan held him from behind. The cocoon grew warmer, safer. “It wasn’t your trick, Will. That thing was in your head.”

“Exactly!” Will cried. Tears leaked from his eyes, dripping onto Mike’s collarbones. The floodgates were open. “It was in my *head*, Mike! I couldn’t stop it! I couldn’t do anything as it made me tell all those people where to go, knowing they would all die. I killed... so many people.” He choked on a sob. “I feel like I’m not in control of my own mind, I’m still a spy, and it’s still in me and someday I’m going to lead you two into something horrible and be unable to stop it. I’m going to get you hurt because I’m not strong enough to lock it out. I feel like it’s still in me...” Mike gripped him tighter; Stan pressed closer. “I can’t do anything about it. I’m nothing compared to it, and when it makes me hurt you it’ll be all my fault.”

Stan nosed the base of Will’s neck, and Will felt a warm dampness on his back collar. “Will, you’re in control of your own mind,” he promised. “We’re safe with you, darling, we’re so safe with you.”

Mike chuckled wetly and nodded. “Baby boy, an evil alien clown creature from outer-outer space whose sole purpose on this plane was to kill *kids* couldn’t get us. We stood up to It, but we don’t need to stand up to you. With you, I am safe. Stan is safe.” He nuzzled into Will’s soft hair. “Just because the Mind Flayer took control once, doesn’t mean it’ll ever happen again.”

Stan nodded in agreement. Will felt how his tear stained cheeks smeared against his shirt. “You’re in control of your own mind, Will. The Mind Flayer, the Upside Down, the Demogorgon - those were all years ago. It’s all you now, baby. That... that *monster*,” Stan spat, “isn’t in your head anymore.”

“You’re a king, angel boy,” Mike breathed into Will’s ear. He shivered. “Dump all those bad thoughts. You’re *royalty* to me.”

“Don’t be so wrapped up in your self doubt, you’re too lovely, we’re too young to be held down by our pasts,” Stan added. “There’s so much we haven’t done, we haven’t seen, so much we’re going to do and see. Darling, we all have to be free. We can’t let the past control us.”

Will sniffled. He wiped his eyes on Mike’s chest, and stayed nuzzled in the heat, the love. “You’re both kings, too,” he said, and his voice wavered.

Stan huffed a warm laugh into Will’s hair. “We are, aren’t we?”

“Heroes, all three of us,” Mike grinned. “Heroic kings.”

Will slowly rolled out of the tight embrace. The air outside of Mike’s arm was jarring, but not necessarily in a bad way. “I owe... *everything* to you two,” he admitted. “Everything.”

Stan began to stroke Will’s hair. “You owe everything to yourself.”

Will turned to face Stan, and his breath was taken away, because Stan was so earnestly honest, his eyes so wide, still rimmed a little red, eyelashes still damp, under eye bags stark against his pale skin in the dim lighting, but so beautiful that Will felt he might cry again.

“You owe everything to yourself,” Stan whispered again, and leaned in for a soft kiss.

It felt like home, and freedom, and Will felt like himself again.

“Oi, come on doll, don’t hog him,” Mike said, fake offended, so Will broke his kiss with Stan and turned to meet Mike’s lips.

“That good enough for you?” Will smirked.

Mike laughed, but his breath seemingly caught in his throat. “God, you’re gorgeous,” he breathed, eyes sparkling. “I want to see you happy all the time, sunshine.”

Will blushed. “You’re breathtaking,” he responded bashfully.

The three of them laid in bed, giggling, kissing, smiling, and eventually, Mike opened the curtains so they could watch the sun rise. “Doesn’t shine half as bright as you two,” he whispered to himself, half on instinct, and Will and Stan shared matching, glowing looks.

Once the sun was fully risen, Stan yawned, big and loud.

“Sorry for waking you two up so early,” Will apologized again. “It’s kind of too late to go back to sleep, isn’t it?”

Stan smacked his lips. “Probably.”

“No problem!” Mike chirped. “We can make breakfast now!”

Will snorted as Stan narrowed his eyes. “ *We* can make breakfast? Or *you’re* making breakfast?”

Mike snickered as he clambered out of bed, tugging a flannel from the floor over his sleep t-shirt. “I’ll make breakfast for you two angels,” he said. “Sit tight and I might even bring it to you in bed.” He winked as he left.

After a moment alone, Will and Stan shared a look. “Do we wanna stay in here, or go watch him cook for us?” Stan asked, but he already knew the answer. As soon as he finished speaking, both men were jumping out of bed and stumbling to the kitchen.

Mike had, for some reason, discarded both his flannel *and* his shirt, and had his phone playing soft 80’s music as he danced around the stove, mixing pancake batter and watching eggs fry.

Will bit his lip to suppress a giggle, because Mike was so ridiculous, and knew they would follow him to sit in the kitchen. He was putting on a show just for *them*.

“How can you be so happy and *awake* so early?” Stan grumbled as he and Will sat on barstools near the stove, but he was smiling.

Mike smiled back and leaned for a kiss as he brandished three half-full glasses of orange juice, seemingly out of nowhere. “Because, lover boy, glass half empty, glass half full... you won’t be going thirsty either way! We have to stay *optimistic!* ”

“You’re just happy you get to have pancakes,” Will teased.

Mike bopped him on the nose with the handle of his spatula. “I’m happy I get to have pancakes with *you* .”

And warmth and happiness and safety permeated through the kitchen, glowing yellow in the morning sun, and Will could smell

eggs and cheese and pancakes and coffee, and even though the morning started out so badly, and even though he there'd be more bad mornings - all of them equally susceptible to bad dreams and breakdowns in the early hours - he smiled, because, well.

He was a *king* .

Author's Note:

paige, my beta, has once again saved my life by editing my work so bless that bitch

comments + kudos... are the bestest...